

THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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NO. 2.

SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for December.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF SARAH CURRAN.

Sarah Curran has already been the theme of story and of song; and as long as the Broken Heart, by Washington Irving be read, and the exquisite melody of, She is far from the Land, by our national poet, Moore, shall preserve its popularity—so long must the real history of the inspirer of these pathetic records continue to interest the sympathies of the gentle and the good. When first I saw her she was in her twelfth year, and was even at that age remarkable for a pensive character of countenance which she never afterwards lost. A favorite sister (to the best of my recollection, a twin) died when she was eight years old, and was buried under a large tree in the lawn of the Priory (Mr. Curran's seat, near Dublin,) directly opposite to the window of the nursery. This tree had been a chosen haunt of the affectionate pair—under its shade they had often sat together—pulled the first primroses at its root—and watched, in its leaves, the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour, for many a year, did the affectionate survivor take her silent stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well known spot which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy, which formed so marked a feature of her character through life. Fondly attached to both her parents, her grief may be imagined, when at the period of her attaining her fourteenth year, Mr. Curran publicly endeavored to obtain a divorce from his wife. As there existed no ground but his caprice of temper for this disgraceful proceeding, he, of course, failed in his attempt; and as the public were acquainted with his early history, and the sacrifices which had attended Mrs. Curran's acceptance of his hand, his conduct attracted no small share of popular odium. Mr. Curran's origin was humble, and even his splendid talents might not have been found sufficient to have raised him to the position in society which he subsequently occupied, had it not been for his marriage with a lady of family and fortune. He began his career as private tutor in the family of Dr. Creagh, of Creagh Castle, in the County of Cork—a gentleman of large property, as well as an enlightened and eminent physician. Miss Creagh, a young lady of considerable taste and acquirements, proved but too sensible of the genius and talents of this accomplished inmate of her paternal dwelling, and a private marriage was the consequence. After a short time subsequent to its discovery had elapsed, Dr. Creagh consented to forgive his daughter—received her once more beneath his roof, and allowed her fortune to be expended on Mr. Curran's studies at the Temple.

That he required the affection of this amiable woman by attempting to repudiate her, will surprise no one in the least acquainted with the general details of his domestic conduct. The breaking up of his establishment, the dispersion of his family, and his own loss of character, were the consequences of this unhappy step. His appeal to a court of Justice was heard with impatience, and repelled with indignation.

In this perplexing position, my young friend shone conspicuous, and was as much distinguished among the members of her own family, as they were from the ordinary ranks of society. Her engaging manners and amiable qualities, attracted the attention of many whose friendship never afterwards deserted her. Among these was the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Lismore, one of the earliest of Mr. Curran's friends. To be unhappy, was in itself a letter of introduction to which he was never inattentive. He was acquainted with every member of Mr. Curran's family, and the youth, the amiable disposition, and deep affliction with which his youngest and favorite daughter was over-whelmed by the separation of her parents, induced Mr. Crawford to offer her an asylum in his house. If any thing could have caused her to forget her father, it would have been the part this worthy man so generously acted towards her.—She was to him, indeed, as a daughter; he loved her, and valued her as such. Under his protecting care, she remained, until Mr. Curran recalled his banished children once more to their home, and formed a new establishment for their reception. But alas! my poor friend's life was but an April day; or rather, it consisted of drops of joy, with draughts of ill between. The two or three years she spent under the paternal roof, were the last she was permitted to number of enjoyment and happiness.

During the long war in which England—often single handed—struggled, with glory and success, for her own integrity and the liberty of Europe, her peaceful shores were repeatedly threatened with the invasion of a foreign foe. The rumors of such an event, becoming very prevalent about the year 1802, reached the ear of a young enthusiast, at that time an exile from his native country, in Switzerland. In that cradle of liberty, did Robert Emmett, as he said, endeavor to forget the miseries of his native country, and the dishonor with which his soul beheld her branded, and live the life of a freeman!

When Switzerland, after a vain resistance, was fettered by the shackles of Bonaparte, Ireland was immediately menaced with a Gallic descent: and Emmett, in an ill-fated hour, landed on her shores, as he affirmed, to avert the calamity of her becoming a French province. His plans, by the little that is known of them, appear to have been perplexed and

incoherent in the extreme: and had they been otherwise, the premature commencement of the insurrection would have rendered them abortive. After a slight disturbance of only a few hours' duration, on the night of July 23, 1803, in which Lord Kilwarden and some other loyalists were unfortunately assassinated, peace and good order were again restored.—A few of the ringleaders were punished; and amongst the number, this unhappy worshipper of Utopian freedom became a sacrifice to his romantic dreams of liberty and patriotism. Previously to this eventful period of his life, Mr. Curran's eldest son, Richard, had been intimate with Robert Emmett, at Trinity College; and their youthful friendship, on his return to Ireland, was unfortunately renewed. He introduced his friend to his father and sisters, and Emmett became a constant visiter at the Priory. An attachment as ardent as it was unfortunate, was soon formed between him and Mr. Curran's youngest daughter. In the out-pouring of his soul to this object of his idolatry, the enthusiast revealed all his plans and intentions respecting the meditated overthrow of the Irish government: happy would it have been for him, had he attended to the words of wisdom and of warning that fell from her gentle lips; but, alas! on this occasion they were of no avail. Dazzled with the splendor thrown by Roman story over deeds admired because they were successful, he persuaded himself that, as tyranny was weakness, those whom he considered the enslavers of his country could be easily subdued; and he rushed with heedless impetuosity into the struggle.

Mr. Curran's politics had formerly been what are called liberal; but, from the time that his party had succeeded to power, he attached himself to the government, under which he enjoyed a post of honor and emolument. His surprise and indignation could hardly be wondered at, when it was announced to him that he was an object of suspicion to his former friends, and that he was supposed to be implicated in Emmett's designs. He repaired instantly to the Castle of Dublin, and insisted on remaining in custody there, until every person arrested for the plot should be examined. As his loyalty had always been so apparent, it was a severe trial to his feelings, both as a parent and a man of honor, to be assured, beyond all doubt, that at least one of his family was implicated; that letters from his daughter had been found amongst Emmett's papers: and that an order had been issued from the Lord Lieutenant, to have his house and correspondence examined! As Mr. Curran was conscious of his own innocence, he only felt as a father whose eyes were thus suddenly opened to domestic injury and affliction. Without taking time to inquire into the extent of his misfortune, he pronounced sentence of banishment for ever from the paternal roof, on the innocent cause of his temporary vexation. Amongst Emmett's papers were found various letters from Sarah Curran, all warning him against his fatal design, and pointing out to him its folly and impracticability. There was also one letter refusing the offer of his hand, and giving, as her reason, the impossibility of leaving a father she so fondly loved.

For a short time after the explosion of the plot, Emmett was concealed in a safe retreat in Dublin—his passage secured on board an American vessel—and the last time I saw my friend happy, she believed him to be far away on the billows, beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach in safety the more hospitable shores of America. That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings on receiving a letter from Emmett, informing her that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland, and abide his fate. This, if possible, was another barb, added to the arrow that smote the hapless lovers; nor could my poor friend ever forgive herself for being, as she thought, the certain though innocent cause of Emmett's unhappy end. Her arguments were not wholly disregarded by him, as, in one of his replies, he remarks:—"I am aware of the chasm that opens beneath my feet; but I keep my eyes fixed on the visions of glory which flit before them, and I am resolved to clear the gulf, desperate as may be the attempt."

The circumstances of Emmett's trial and condemnation are too well known to render it necessary for me to recapitulate them in this place. After the delivery of this animated and affecting defence, Lord Norbury pronounced sentence of death upon him; and the ill-fated man was executed the following day in Thomas street, near the place on which he had established the revolutionary depot of arms and ammunition. Before his death (when removed to Newgate, after his trial,) he authorized a gentleman to announce to government as his own declaration, that he was the chief mover and instigator of the insurrection; and out of the sum of £2,500, which he had received on the death of his father, he had expended no less than £1,400 in the preparatory outlay.

A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmett's trial and execution would have proved to her; and when she recovered her senses, her lover had been for some time numbered among the dead. As soon as her health permitted, she left the residence of her father, whose heart remained untouched by those misfortunes and sufferings which excited the pity and sympathy of every one beside; Mr. Curran refused to see his daughter after her recovery; and she was again thrown on the world, which, with more than poetic truth, *had proved a broken reed, and pierced her to the heart.* But God raised up friends to this stricken deer; and, in a letter of hers now before me, written at the time, she says—speaking of that kind, amiable family, who received her when deserted by her father,—“I find a pleasure in reflecting, that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me.” I received several letters from her during her residence at Woodhill, near Cork, the seat of Mr. Cowper Penrose, of whose tenderness and affection, as well as the kindness of the whole family, she makes constant mention. While under the protection of this gentleman's roof, she again

became the object of an ardent and disinterested attachment. Among the many who met and admired her, was Colonel Sturgeon,* a gentleman of peculiarly engaging manners and deportment, and who, with the gay good-humor, of the military profession, possessed discernment and sensibility enough to appreciate and esteem merits such as hers; and, had not her heart been seared by early grief and disappointment, one who could not have failed to have experienced a most flattering reception. When he first made his proposals, Miss Curran did every thing in her power to induce him to desist from a pursuit, which, she assured him, could only terminate in disappointment. She confided to him every particular of her sad eventful life,—her love, and her devotedness to Emmett,—and the utter impossibility of her ever being able to return any other affection, however it might deserve the best efforts of her heart; while, at the same time, she was not insensible to Colonel Sturgeon's merits,—well calculated, under other circumstances, to make the impression he desired.

In vain did she employ all the eloquence of grief—unfold the secret recesses of a heart, where one image reigned supreme, and pleaded his own cause for him, by proving how little he deserved, at least a divided affection.

The constancy and tenderness of her attachment to Emmett, seemed to have rendered her the more interesting to Colonel Sturgeon; and as he continued a welcome guest at Mr. Penrose's, an intimacy still subsisted between them. She hoped that his passion had settled into the more placid sentiment of friendship, when a sudden call of military duty in a distant land, proved to her how fallacious had been her hopes. The peaceful, but deceitful calm of her expectations, was suddenly interrupted by Col. Sturgeon's arrival, in haste, at Woodhill, and an announcement that in four days he must leave Cork for London, and thence for immediate foreign service. He again renewed his suit with all the energy of despair. He had a friend in every member of the Penrose family, all of whom were anxious that the union of two persons so calculated to make each other happy, should not be deferred. They united their entreaties to Miss Curran to give a favorable answer, and in three days she became the wife of a gallant soldier, than whom no second suitor could better deserve her hand.

After yielding thus, as it were, a surprised consent, her heart failed her; and, the morning of her wedding day, she implored her kind friends to allow her to proceed no further.—They remonstrated with her, and told her she would be trifling with the feelings of one of the most amiable of men, should she manifest such a disposition. She was married at Glanmire church, near Woodhill; and was, in truth a mourning bride. One of our female friends who accompanied her in the coach to Glanmire, told me, that she knew not who shed most tears upon the road. After a year's residence in England, Colonel Sturgeon was ordered to Sicily, where my poor friend endeav-

ored to make him happy and herself cheerful. Some, perhaps, who have casually met her, both before and after marriage, have not considered her so remarkable a person as she really was; forgetful that the refinement of true genius is opposed to all intellectual ostentation; that talents, in one so afflicted as she had been, must often be veiled by the darkness of cherished sorrow; and that genuine sensibility flourishes not on the rugged highway of common life, but delights to expand its blossom in the shelter and secrecy of fostering kindness.

A sudden descent of the French on the Sicilian shores, in the year 1808, obliged the English to leave that country in haste. After a stormy and dangerous passage of several weeks, exposed to all the inconveniences of a crowded passport, Colonel and Mrs. Sturgeon arrived at Portsmouth. A short time before they landed Mrs. S. had given birth to a delicate and drooping boy, whose death, soon after, seems to have put a finishing stroke to her own sufferings, at Hythe, in the County of Kent.

The last request Mrs. S. made to her father was, that she might be buried under her favorite tree at the Priory. She was spared the cruelty of a refusal; and was buried at the little village of Newmarket, in the County of Cork, where her father was born. Colonel Sturgeon did not very long survive her—he was killed in Portugal during the Peninsular war.

FOR THE ARIEL.

LINES

To the U. S. Frigate Constitution, on her departure for the Mediterranean; after undergoing a thorough repair.

Old Ironsides! again she wears
Her spangled diadem,
And Neptune's trident proudly bears,
To rule the seas again.
In snow-white canvass gaily dress'd,
Before the flowing breeze,
And like a Phoenix, with her breast
She cleaves the sparkling seas.
Go! gallant Ship, expand thy wings
Athwart the dark blue sea,
And bear on high the scourge of Kings,
The flag of Liberty!
Go! gallant Ship—go, bear the brave
Where Freedom has a foe,
Majestic mount the curling wave,
Secure where'er you go.

Myerstown, Pa.

CHYDE.

In Bakewell church-yard, Derbyshire, is a table monument, on which is the following inscription. The tomb is occupied by an old man and his two wives, where, undisturbed by the jealous cares of life, they sleep together lovingly:—

"KNOW, POSTERITY, THAT ON THE 8TH DAY OF APRIL, IN THE YEAR OF GRACE, 1757, THE RAMBLING REMAINS OF JOHN DALE were, in the 88th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two WIVES.

"This thing in life might cause some jealousy,
Here all three sleep together lovingly,—
Here Sarah's chiding, John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears;
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The goodman's quiet, still are both his wives.

* Colonel Henry Sturgeon was the son of Lady Anne Wentworth, and grandson, by his maternal descent, of the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham.

A MODERN ULYSSES.

No sooner was the batchment mounted over the portico of Beechwood Hall, announcing that its late proprietor, Sir John Denyers, was dead, and that his widow had succeeded to the splendid mansion and broad lands, than it was hailed, as the signal for attack by all the unmarried men within a circumference of twenty miles. They flocked to her by scores, arrayed in the morning cloak of condolence, endeavoring to smuggle in their love under the disguise of sympathy. Her lawyer, a hale bachelor of sixty, requested she would do him the honor to consider him less in the light of a professional adviser than a friend zealous for her interests, and would fain have presented her with a title to his services in his shrivelled hand; but he had already given her a surfeit of parchment; and the man of law discovered that, although his suit had frequently been successful in those courts where the presiding goddess is represented to be blind, it was quite another thing to plead his cause before a woman with her eyes open. In fact, ere she had worn the weeds of widowhood for six weeks, her paths were beset and her dwelling besieged; and never, certainly, had a woman a better chance of mending her luck, for there was not one of the whole five and forty lovers who was not willing to stake his life upon the sincerity and disinterestedness of his affection. She could not open a window in her house but a myriad of *billets-doux* came showering into it like a snow-storm. She could not take a walk in her most private grounds, but a lover started from behind every bush, and flung himself upon his knees in the path before her. Others, again, affecting bucolics, would wander forth into the fields, crook in hand, and carve her name upon every tree, to the great endangerment of her timber. Every domestic in her household was bribed by one or other of her suitors, and she was under the consequent necessity of changing her establishment twice a year, from the lady's maid to the stable boy. While, however, there exists not a rebel in the citadel of the heart, the fortress will hold out long against external assaults; and the widow had got some antediluvian notions into her head about first love, respect for the memory of the dead, &c. which, although no doubt, extremely silly, had the effect of disinclining her from a second speculation in the hazardous adventure of matrimony. As the number of her suitors increased, their individual chances of success, of course diminished, and their audacity being in the exact ratio of their despair, her own mansion was no sanctuary against the intrusion of her unbidden guests. The matchless impudence of one of her visitors deserves particular record. It happened that one day the widow went out, for several hours, to call on a friend at some distance, leaving only two male domestics, the butler and a foot boy, in the house. Towards evening, a horseman rode up to the Hall door, and applied himself with more than ordinary energy to the knocker. He was a tall, military-looking personage, with a cast of features which might have been termed handsome, but for a certain cynical expression, which much detracted from their pleasing effect.—The stranger flung his rein to the boy, de-

siring him to take his horse to the stable and have it well fed and littered down for the night, and then stalked into the house, and, notwithstanding reiterated announcements from the servants in chorus of Mistress is not at home, sir, stopped not until he reached the dining-parlor, when, turning to the butler, who had followed him, he said, Here, let that valise be taken up into her ladyship's chamber, and let a fire be lit there, for it's rather cool. Very cool, indeed, said the domestic, applying the epithet to the speaker, and not to the weather, and was meditating some impertinent observation, when the stranger, carelessly, as if it had been his handkerchief, drew a pistol from each pocket, and placed it on the table before him. The butler, who had a mortal dread of fire arms, quitted the apartment in haste, as if to do the stranger's bidding, but, in reality, to communicate to his fellow-servants, the females, his suspicions of the character of the guest. Their conversation was, however, soon interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell; and it was some time before Geoffry could summon courage to answer it. Your pleasure, sir! (said he,) re-entering the dining-parlor. Some dinner! responded the other. The butler paused, but at length, said, Very sorry, sir, but we have not got any thing in the house. Then look in the poultry-yard, (was the reply) let me have a broiled chicken in half an hour. The other stared, but the stranger's eyes happening to fall upon the pistols, Geoffry seemed to understand the appeal, and, being anxious to go off first, hurried out to counsel the sacrifice of a chicken to their common safety. In the course of the half hour, the dish was smoking before the guest, who, having no notion of glasses being placed on the table for the mere purpose of ornament, pronounced the monosyllable Wine. If you please, sir, (said Geoffry,) we can't get at any, for mistress has got the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket. Nonsense! (exclaimed the other,) who ever heard of a wine-cellar with only one key?—why, keys in a great man's house are like pistols, there are always two of a pattern. The allusion had its effect; Geoffry vanished in an instant, and shortly re-appeared as Ganymede. In a few minutes afterwards, the noise of wheels announced the return of Lady Denyers, who, on being informed of the stranger's arrival, like a woman of spirit, went straight into the dining-parlor to demand an explanation. On the next instant, the servants heard a loud scream from their mistress, and concluding she was murdered, they, very dutifully, ran out of the house, and set off at full speed, each in a different direction, for the doctor. It seemed that no sooner had the lady cast her eyes upon her visitor, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and sank upon the carpet. Now, when a man faints away, the approved method of treatment is to kick and cuff him till he recover; but with a woman the case is different. The stranger raised her in his arms, threw half a glass of water in her face, and poured the remainder down her throat, and at last succeeded in restoring the patient. And is it really you, Sir John! (exclaimed the lady, when she became somewhat tranquil.) Ay, in very deed, Caroline, (was the reply;) ghosts do not drink Ma-

deira and devour chickens. Then you were not killed and eaten by those frightful Ashantees! You greatly wrong that very respectable and much slandered people, (said Sir John;) they have better tastes, and preferred my society to my flesh, insomuch that I had some difficulty in escaping from their hospitalities. I hope, my dear, (said the lady,) you were duly sensible of their attentions? I was very nearly being insensible to them and every thing else, for the worthy gentleman who did me the honor to engross my society, seeing me determined on quitting him, followed me as far as he could, and then fired a parting salute from his musket, into which he had, inadvertantly, put a bullet, and left me with half an ounce of lead in my shoulder. O dear! (exclaimed the lady,) how very horrid; and did you walk all the way in that state? I did not walk two hundred yards my love, (continued Sir John) for I fell into a bush, exhausted with loss of blood, when I was picked up by an Ashantee damsel of sixty whose charms would have made your ladyship jealous, and who extracted the ball, put a plaister of herbs to the wound, and smuggled me down to Cape Coast Castle, where I found the report of my death so well authenticated, that I was challenged by an Hibernian brother officer for presuming to doubt it. And were you so rash as to fight with him? No, for I had not time, being anxious to embark for England, to relieve your anxieties and to save my executors as much trouble as possible.—But how is my nephew? O, in high health and spirits, and inconceivably vain of the title. I am sorry for that, because I have not quite done with it myself yet. At this moment a noise was heard in the passage, occasioned by the return of the servants, bringing with them the *posse comitatus* and fourteen of the lady's lovers, who taking it for granted that the ferocious ruffian would have escaped before their arrival, valiantly rushed to her rescue. When, however, they heard the voice of the intruder in the parlor, it became a point of precedence among them who should enter first; at length, a clown in the back ground, pressing forward to get a glimpse of what was going on, inadvertantly applied the stimulus of a pitchfork to the rear of the man before him, who communicating the impetus to the next, it passed on to the van, and they all blundered into the room, where, to their utter astonishment, they beheld the living Sir John *tete-a-tete* with his lady. Doubtless, you will conclude the baronet enacted Ulysses on the occasion, and drove out his rivals at point of sword. Credit me, reader, he did no such thing; he was an old soldier, and a man of the world, and knew better than to make enemies of fourteen blockheads; so he ordered up a dozen of claret, and they made a night of it.

Vaucluse.—The fountain of Vaucluse is converted to the ignominious use of turning a paper-mill.

Self-respect.—When a man is particularly pleased with himself, it is ten to one nobody else is.

Statesmen.—Our American statesmen, at least too many of them, do not comprehend the dignity of silence.

SIGNS AND OMENS.—There is a class of people in this world, that have a sign for every thing under heaven. The most trivial accident often betokens something dreadful.—They are perpetually watching for signs, divinations, and omens. For the especial benefit of this class of our readers, (if any such we have) we have collected the most remarkable signs we know of, for the authority of which they can take the word of every sign-monger in the Union. The ancients believed in omens from the raining down of stones, the cutting of grindstones with razors, strange appearances of human heads, Sabine Cows, and ten thousand other things of the like which Livy notices. And why may not the moderns have their signs and wonders?

A slice of bride-cake thrice drawn through the wedding ring, and laid under the head of an unmarried woman or man, will make them dream of their future wife or husband.

Touching a dead body prevents dreaming of it.

The wounds of a murdered person will bleed afresh by sympathy, on the body being touched, ever so lightly, in any part by the murderer.

Abracadabra is a magical word; and written in a peculiar form, has the virtue to cure all agues.

It is customary for women to offer to sit cross-legged, to procure luck at cards for their friends. Sitting cross-legged with the fingers interlaced, was anciently deemed a magical posture.

If in eating you miss your mouth and the victuals fall, it is very unlucky; and denotes sickness.

When a person goes out to transact business, it is very lucky to throw an old shoe after him.

Spilling of salt, crossing a knife and fork, or presenting a knife, scissors, or any sharp instrument, are all considered unlucky, and to be avoided.

Whistling at sea is supposed to cause an increase of wind, if not a storm, and, therefore, much disliked by seamen; though sometimes they practice it themselves when there is a calm.

Most persons break the shells of eggs, after they have taken all the meat out of them; it is done to prevent their being used as boats by witches.

Although the devil can partly transform himself into any shape, he cannot change his cloven foot, by which he may be known under every appearance.

If you have a ringing in your left ear, it is a sign that your acquaintance is speaking ill of you.

If a stick of wood happens to fall into the corner, it indicates the near approach of a stranger.

When a person's right eyes itches, the parts affected will shortly cry; if the left, they will laugh.

A ring made of the hinge of a coffin is good for cramp.

A halter, with which a man has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache.

Singing in bed before you have risen in the morning betokens trouble before you go to bed again.

THE ENGLISH COMIC ANNUALS.

The spirit of comedy which inspired Hood in the production of his first volume of the Comic Annual, seems to have departed from him when he sat down to prepare the volume for 1831.—Of the first he said, some months after it appeared, so great was the demand for it, that although he had the copy-right, he had not one copy left. The host of imitators too, who sprung up this year, following in the path of the great father of modern comicalities, possessed but little of his genuine humor. Miss Sheridan's Annual was a meagre affair; the Falstaff Annual was worse, and even Hood himself disappointed most of his admirers. From his numerous imitators we have selected for this week's paper, five of the best they have put forth. Though partaking of the comical, they lack the exquisite point of Hood and Cruikshank. We give them as tolerable specimens of the works above mentioned.

**A NOTE OF ADMIRATION!****A COLD BATH.**

Quite Appropriate.—On one of those nurseries of drunkards, commonly styled Bar rooms, in Milk Street, is a sign with the following inscription: "Coffins for sale, inquire at the Bar."

**ROUND OF BEEF.****SQUALLY!****BOTTLE IMP.**

Martyrdom at the Stake.—Wm. Martyr, a clergyman settled in Buckfield, Virginia, was travelling with two friends a short time since, and passed through the pleasant town of Bennington, Vermont. At dinner a beef-steak was placed before Mr. Martyr, who was so much engrossed in attending to the calls of his appetite, that he uttered not a word during the meal.—One of his companions remarked, that he was very sorry to be a witness to so melancholy a spectacle as *Martyr-dumb at the stake.*

Arabian Macisms.—Curtail thy sleep, and increase thy knowledge; he who knows the value of his object, despises the pains it cost him.—Say not the possessors of science have passed away, and are forgotten; every one who has walked in the path of science has reached the goal.—Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness; and the beauty of knowledge is rectitude of conduct.—Pay visits only on alternate days, thou wilt be loved the more; for he who multiplies his comings and goings fatigues his friends.

Pity.—Nothing is more common than to throw away our pity on persons happier than ourselves.

From the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

FLAMEL, Nicholas; an *adept* of the 14th century, who acquired property to an enormous extent. He was born of poor parents, at Pontoise, whence he removed to Paris, and there practised in the double capacity of a scrivener or notary, and a miniature painter. Here he was reported to have amassed a fortune of 1,500,000 crowns—an immense sum in those days. His great wealth attracted the notice of Charles VI, who commissioned his master of requests to inquire into the means by which he had become so opulent. Flamel's account was, that, having purchased "an old, thick book, gilt on the edges, and written on tree-bark, in fair Latin characters, with a cover of thin copper, on which were sculptured many unknown and singular devices," he studied it for twenty-one years, without being able to discover more than that it was a treatise on the philosopher's stone. In the course of a pilgrimage, however, to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, he met a converted Jew, named Sanchez, who taught him to decipher the paintings, and accompanied him back to France, with a view of translating the whole work. Sanchez died at Orleans; but not before his pupil had so well profited by his instructions, as to be able to decipher the whole contents of the volume; on which he immediately went to work, and, as he declares, "on Monday, the 17th of January, 1382, about noon, turned half a pound of quicksilver into pure silver; and on the 25th of April, in the same year, in the presence of his wife, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, converted the same quantity of quicksilver into pure gold." Flamel hereupon founded fourteen hospitals (that of the Quinze-Vingts among others,) built at his own expense three new churches (including that of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and that of the Innocents, in the former of which he and his wife, Peronelle, were buried,) and endowed with considerable revenues seven old ones at Paris. This narrative, together with a copy of the book, was returned to the king, and the volume deposited in the royal library, where, says our authority, it is still preserved. In 1413, Flamel, although the art of prolonging life to a period of a thousand years was one of the secrets of his treatise, died, having nearly attained the age of one hundred.—Paul Lucas tells us, in his account of his second voyage, that, on the 9th of July, 1705, at Burnus Baschi, near Brussa, in Natolia, he fell in with an Usbec dervise, who was not only perfectly well acquainted with the story of Flamel, but who affirmed that both he and his wife were yet alive, were then about 400 years old, and belonged to a society of seven adepts, who travelled about the world, meeting at some appointed spot every twenty years, and that Brussa was their next rendezvous. Some have asserted, that Flamel grew rich by pillaging the Jews during the persecutions directed against them in France. Others have accounted for his riches by attributing them to his success in commercial speculations, at that period comparatively but little understood. Several treatises on alchemy have been ascribed to him. They are, however, generally considered as spurious.

FLYING-FISH; the *exocetus* of naturalists; a fish which is enabled, by the vibration of its large pectoral fins, to leave the water when alarmed or pursued, and sustain itself for several seconds in the air. In tropical seas, the flying-fish rise from the water in flocks, or, more properly, shoals, of many thousands at a time, when disturbed by the passing of a ship, or pursued by their inveterate foes, the dolphin and albicore. They spring from the crest of a wave, and, darting forward, plunge into another to wet the membrane of the fins, and in this manner continue their flights for several hundred yards, often pursued by marine birds in the element to which they are driven for protection against the tyrants of their own. In all the species belonging to the genus *exocetus*, the pectoral fins are very much developed, and the superior lobe of the caudal fin shorter; the head and body are invested with large soft scales, and the body has a ridge or *carina*, extending longitudinally along each side, which gives it somewhat of an angular appearance. Head, when viewed from the front, triangular; eyes, very large; teeth, minute; branchiostegous rays, ten; air-bladder, very large. Flying-fish are inhabitants of every temperate sea, though abounding in the vicinity of the equator. In length, they rarely exceed thirteen inches, and are commonly found about eight. The flesh is pleasant, and much resembles that of the fresh water gudgeon. Several species are described by naturalists, some of which have very long, fleshy filaments, depending from the lower jaw, the use of which is not known.—The *exocetus volitans*, or common flying-fish of the Atlantic, bears some resemblance to the *E. exiliens*, which is found in the Mediterranean, but differs in having small ventral fins inserted behind the centre of the body. The rapidity and force with which these fish move through the air by the aid of their pectoral fins, are such, that, in coming on board ships, they are generally killed by the violence with which they strike, and, in some cases, the head is fractured, and beaten to pieces.

Language as a Record.—A language is at once the most complete, and the least fallible of all historical records. A poem or a history may have been forged, but not a language. The bare circumstance of its existence, though it may long have ceased to be colloquially extant, proves in substance all that history can communicate. If we possess only a complete vocabulary of an ancient language, and were to digest the mass in accordance with an exact principle of synthesis, we should frame a model of the people who used it, more perfect than any monument can furnish; and here we need fear no falsification, no concealments, no flatteries, no exaggerations. The precise extent of knowledge and civilization to which a people have attained, nothing more, and nothing less, is marked out in the list of words of which they have made use.—*Taylor's Transmission of Ancient Books.*

When David Garrick was told by any tyro in the art that he thought of acting *Hamlet*, he used to turn his piercing eyes quickly upon the candidate, and favor him with a question of surprise—"Eh! How? What! *Hamlet* the Dane?"

MISCELLANY.

From an English paper.

CONVERSATIONS ON MEN AND THINGS.

P. Nothing has so much impressed me with the extent and power of the "march of intellect," as the vast and the striking improvement which has taken place in the periodical literature of England within the last few years.

R. It is, indeed, most remarkable: and this very improvement, while it has kept pace with the progress of knowledge, has contributed in no small degree, to its advancement. Do you remember when we used to dose at the Chapter over the old Monthly, the torryism—such as it was—of the European, and the grave antiquities of old Sylvanus Urban, to while away the morning! Where are they now? The Gentleman's, it is true, exists, and has just completed its century; but its dull contemporaries have sunk into the grave of time, and have been swallowed up by that terrible *avatar*—modern refinement.

P. A similar reformation has been effected in every department of periodical literature, but particularly in the newspaper press. Look at the leading journals of the day, and see how grandly they are conducted. I say *grandly*, because it is the only word by which I can express my meaning. Several hundred pounds are expended in "getting up" a single paper—thus extending and collecting the earliest information—foreign and domestic—to and from all parts of the world.

P. Have you read the last number of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Review?

R. Yes: immediately upon their publication; and very much improved they are too, under the *surveillance* of their new conductors. I do not know much of Macvey Napier, except that he writes a most vile hand, and is a "feelosopher;" but I knew Lockhart in London, and a fitter man to edit the great tory journal could not have been any where found. To a fine taste, he adds great critical discrimination, an exquisite relish for poetry—himself being no mean one—and a rich scholarship, the foundation of which was laid at Oxford. Besides these advantages, he is a man of the world—which Gifford was not—mixes in the best society, and has served an appropriate apprenticeship as the original Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

P. Has he any thing to do with *Maga* now?

R. I should think not: at all events, not as an Editor. He and Magin used to write the *Noctes*: but Magin is co-Editor, of the *Standard* now, and a preacher in London; and Lockhart has enough to do with the *Quarterly* and the *Family Library*; this latter work being, I believe, now entirely under his superintendence.

P. And a capital work it is; by many degrees better than many of its imitators. What a delightful book is Allan Cunningham's last volume of the lives of Sculptors and Architects!

R. It is truly so; and who would suppose, while reading it, that its author, twenty years ago, was a laboring stone-mason in Scotland—a mere cutter of free-stone! He is, now,

Chantrey's head man, and a prime favorite with every one who knows him.

P. Well, John Murray—"glorious John," as he rightly deserves to be called—has done the public great service by the encouragement he has given to literature. I well know, that in more than one instance, he has rescued a poor literary devil from absolute want, by a timely, though secret donation of a ten-pound note.

R. Do you know who wrote the article in the last Quarterly on the poetry of "John Jones, an old servant?"

P. Of course. No one *could* write such a pleasant, piquant paper except Sir Walter Scott. It is full of his quiet, searching, irresistible, humor; and is, in my opinion, *one* of the best articles in the number.

R. So you seem to think! And, candidly speaking, I have no reason to disagree with you.

From La Belle Assemblée.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

BALL DRESS.—A gown of blue Adelaide gaze orientale; the corsage low, arranged round the upper part in folds, and crossed in front. Very short beret sleeves, covered with a mancheron, composed of three rows of blonde lace. The dress is trimmed round the border, up the front of the skirt and across the corsage, with a wreath composed of three rows of white gauze riband, cut to resemble foliage, and united at regular distances by an ornament of riband resembling a flower, with its foliage. The head-dress is a blue crape toque, mounted on a gold net, and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers, falling in different directions. Necklace and pearls.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of rose-colored mousseline de Soie: the corsage sitting close to the shape, and trimmed round the bust with a row of palmettes composed of rose-colored riband, with a nœud formed of cut ends on each shoulder. Beret sleeves very full, and with the plaits reversed. The skirt is trimmed with white and rose-colored gauze riband, draped a la Leontine; these ornaments are finished by a small knot of the two ribands at the bottom of each, and by another of the aigrette form at the top. The head dress is a beret composed of crimson and green gauze. Ear-rings, bandeau, and bracelets of dead gold; the latter have pearl clasps.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

COURT DRESS.—Toque of pink crape, ornamented with a bird of paradise; dress of white satin. The corsage is made tight to the shape; short full sleeves, terminated by a deep blonde. A broad striped gauze riband is fastened on the right shoulder, and descends to the left side of the belt with a bow and long ends. This kind of ornament is both novel and extremely graceful. The skirt is trimmed at the height of the knees with bouffans of pink crape, and bows of striped gauze riband. Trimmings of every description are becoming more general. The female leaders of ton seem tired of the excessive simplicity which has for some time prevailed throughout the empire of the mode. Diamond ear-rings and necklace; belt em-

broidered with pearls; shoes made of the chryseon gold, and also silver, now present an elegant addition to the decorative department of costume. The precious metals are now, indeed, in the fashionable circles, things of necessary use as ornaments of dress.

WALKING DRESS.—Hat of pea-green gros de Naples, lined with black satin; dress of gray silk, trimmed above the hem with a band laid on in alternate waves, collrette pelisse; scarf of black gauze to imitate blonde; these scarfs are much worn at present, and are made of different colors; but white and black are preferred by our elegantes, scarfs of these colors so minutely resembling blonde as to be mistaken for it; brodequins of prunella.

MORNING DRESS.—Cap of Brussels lace, ornamented with pink gauze riband, cut in vandykes. Bows are at present quite out of fashion; and the trimmings, such as we have described, will be found much more becoming to the face, as well as lighter, than the bows formerly worn; dress of green gros de Naples; over the corsage is worn an elegantly worked muslin canezone, with double joke, falling very low over the sleeves; on each shoulder is placed a bow of gauze riband, similar in color and pattern to that which trims the cap; gold bracelets, worked in the oriental style.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—The hat, which is ornamented with two white esprit plumes, is of buff watered silk, nearly lined with vandyke blonde, and is trimmed with striped gauze ribands of the same color. The pelisse is of satin; the color, violet of the woods. Full upper sleeves; the lower sleeve is ornamented with bands of velvet to match the dress. The skirt slightly sloped, and the plaits thrown farther back than of late. The corsage is tight to the shape, and very low on the shoulders; it is trimmed with pieces of velvet, vandyked at each end, and gathered in the middle under a gold buckle; these gradually diminish to the belt, and are continued down the front of the skirt, increasing in size to the feet. The hem of the dress is finished by a pipe of velvet; the collrette is of crimson velvet, confined with a gold brooch. Gold bracelets, clasped with large uncut garnets; reticule, the color of the bonnet; belt, of figured velvet.

ELOQUENCE is of various sorts as well as of different degrees. The eloquence of one orator may rival that of another without at all resembling it. There is Mr. CLAY and Mr. WEBSTER—who will deny to either of them, or to Mr. SERGEANT or Mr. WIRT, the meed of eloquence? And yet yow little comparison can be drawn between them! One of the most eloquent men we ever heard, is Mr. BURGESS, of Rhode Island. In the case of this gentleman, his figure and appearance, and his known amiable character and strongly marked moral qualities, go to increase the effect of what he delivers with so much energy. There are circumstances of his life, which, where known, give a thrilling effect to some passages of his speeches. He has had the misfortune to follow to the grave several grown children, of distinguished talent and merit, having lost all his children but one, who is now the hope and solace of his advancing years. With this fact impressed on the mind, the reader will find

in the close of the following extract from a speech lately delivered by Mr. BURGESS at a dinner given to him by his constituents, a touching instance of the power of eloquence and feeling united. "Our candidate for governor is accused of having been born in Vermont. Of all the events of a man's life this is, especially, one for which he cannot be made accountable. It cannot be denied, that the place of our birth is ever dear to memory. The green hill top from which the young eye first looked at the rising sun, the brook, the forest, the field, where, in early life, we have sported or labored, I know cannot be forgotten. Indeed, this truth to the land of our birth, is the highest pledge which we can give that we shall keep faith and allegiance with the land of our adoption. The same principle carries us from the bosom of our parents, to that of a more endeared relation. Leaving, no matter what other land, we are united to this State, by a relation as holy as wedlock; and those who have been joined by the sacraments of God, let not the sacrilegious hand of man attempt to put assunder. We can, I know, though not without a sigh, depart from the graves of our fathers; but, Oh! who can ever tear himself from the tombs of his children?"

A hard Journey.—The Russians assert that St. Anthony made a voyage from Rome to Novorogrod on a mill-stone.

One of the amusements of idleness, is reading without the fatigue of close attention, and the world therefore swarms with writers whose wish is not to be studied, but to be read.—*Johnson.*

CHURCH.

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some go there to laugh and talk,
Some go there the time to spend,
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some go to learn the parson's name,
Some go there to wound his fame,
Some go there for speculation,
Some go there for observation,
Some go there to dose and nod,
But few go there to worship God.

An Indifferent Character.—He never had generosity to acquire a friend, nor courage to provoke an enemy.

AGE.

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've played, and lov'd, and ate, and drunk your fill,
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.—*Pope.*

Precedents.—Men who cannot reason, resort to precedents, as if there were not more bad precedents than good ones!

FLOWERS.

Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings;
Peace brightens in the olive green,
Hope from the half-closed iris springs,
And vict'ry on the laurel grows,
But woman blushes in the rose.

RETORT COURTEOUS.—Hold your tongue for a fool!" was the polite recommendation of an Irish husband. "Sure, then, you're going to spake yourself!" was the equally polite reply of the wife.

From the *Revue de Provence*.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

What is marriage?

It is a sacrament, answers an abbot.

It is the legitimate union of a man to a woman, answers a lawyer.

It is a moral and political institution, answers an economist.

It is a galley, whispers a husband.

They are all four right. It is hard for us independent young men to give up our life of adventure and romance; that fickle and ever varying life, sometimes mad and sometimes serious; at one moment full of hope, at another without it; that sweet life of brief troubles and protracted enjoyments; how can we make up our minds to put an end to it for ever?—Aye, marriage is for us a dreadful thing.

Not so with woman! It is for her a change of robes and ribbons; her simple girl's dress for a robe of dentelle; her green ribbon for a belt of pearls to gird her waist; it is to join in the ball after having been only a spectator; it is to look life in the face after having seen it only in profile. Marriage makes us slaves, while it makes her free. It renders us old, and it renders her young; it enriches her with all that we lose; it gives her our cast off stock of earthly joys.

Appropos, when Mrs. B—— said to Nathalie that her time was come, she showed herself docile and resigned. Her fortune and her mother permitted her to choose; it was answered that the handsome heiress would surrender herself to him who should succeed in pleasing her, and the suitors arrived in multitudes. It was marvellous to see how loving, assiduous, and uneasy they were, keeping up a continual war of observation and skirmishes. Honest young folks!

Every one endeavored to show off his talents; one was a painter, another a poet; this one a musician, that one a ventriloquist. It was necessary to be distinguished, no matter how, for a well timed jest often carries us farther than a host of worthy acts. If she had bestowed a smile on a nice bit of slander, all the next day, would have gone and taken lessons of Odry, to fortify themselves in that delightful acquirement; if she had said I want a virtuous man for a husband, some of her admirers would have arrived, at the year's end, with an honorary diploma from Monthion.—But Nathalie did not manifest either taste for a pasquinade, or love for virtue.

In short, many were called, and not one chosen.

Still, there were some who deserved to be, and who, elsewhere, would have found a willing reception for their homage.

The first who presented himself was a handsome and melancholy figure; his black hair was carelessly thrown over a pale forehead, of a modest look, regular and soft features, and a thoughtful expression of countenance. Nathalie did not wish to marry an elegy.

The next was a slender and handsome young man—he appeared in the world as Staule had done, parading the fashions of to-morrow, confident and happy. He had expended in the knot of his cravat, imagination enough to create a classical tragedy or the eighth line of a couplet. Nathalie judged that all this ele-

gant nicety might well conceal an empty soul and a narrow mind.

Then came a mysterious and smiling man, speaking low to the ladies, looking without seeing, and seeing without looking, with rings and tresses on his neck; with reserve and frankness, with honied words and a perfumed handkerchief. He was a man with a good fortune, one of those privileged beings who have a large heart and variously distributed; here the great passions, there the amours of a week; on one side the woman of the world, on the other the grisettes; one of those men, in short, who live much and little, and leave to their heirs, amber billets and miniatures of Isabey.

But Nathalie did not realize the happiness of being admired by a man who had made love a profound and varied study.

It would be an endless task to pass in review all the suitors that presented themselves. One was a poet, a dull and ordinary man if he expressed himself in prose,—brilliant and ingenious when he wrote in verse. Nathalie judged the poet by his prose. Another was a deputy, a true representative of the nation; a man of generous and eloquent opposition, whose words were powerful and dreaded, when he attacked an abuse at the bar—amiable and winning when he addressed a lady in company. And if you would know why this last one was rejected, read Art. 38, of the Constitutional Charter. (The ancient charter mind you.)

After the deputy, a member of the high chamber presented himself. How many banker's daughters esteem themselves happy to place a million under the crown of a count! It is so sweet to see painted on the pannels of one's carriage the blazonry of a peerage, to see before one the doors opening at two taps, and to say to one's self:—When I shall no longer be young and handsome, I shall still be a great lady—that will help to make old age supportable.

But Nathalie had neither ambition for the present nor foresight for the future.

And every night did Nathalie dream of making a choice, and she dreamed of it all her life.

As in life, true dignity must be founded on character, not on dress and appearance, so the dignity of composition must arise from sentiment and thought, not from ornament.—*Blair*.

— When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the 'scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners o'er us.—*Shirley*.

The sumptuous vest, the lengthened train of guards and attendants, the ceremonies of courts, are all instances of that mental puerility, which is the characteristic of nascent civilization. The origin of these magnificent shows is to be found in the tyranny of Eastern despots, who hoped by such artifices to magnify their consequence in the eyes of their subjects, and to divert the minds of the latter from their own condition, by the gaieties of pageantry and procession.—But in the more manly governments of antiquity, these toys and rattles were laid aside, and the public business was conducted in plainness and sobriety.—*Malin*.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 14.

PHILADELPHIA CHARITIES.—To enumerate the charitable institutions of Philadelphia requires both time and space, as well as some research. As the list however, may be new to some of our readers, we will make the attempt—it will show that Philadelphia is the seat of benevolence, and that no deserving individual need to want if the proper application is made.

1. Pennsylvania Hospital. 2. Orphans' Asylum. 3. Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. 4. St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. 5. Friends' Alms-house. 6. Christ Church Hospital. 7. Lunatic Asylum of Friends. 8. Provident Society for employing the poor. 9. Philadelphia Dispensary. 10. Northern Dispensary. 11. Southern Dispensary. 12. Saving Fund Society. 13. Fuel Saving Society. 14. Humane Society. 15. Southern Soup Society. 16. Northern do. 17. Western do. 18. Philadelphia Society for alleviating the miseries of public prisons. 19. Dorcas Society. 20. Widows' Asylum. 21. Shelter for colored children. 22. Asylum for lost children. 23. The great Alms-house. 24. Charity Schools. 25. House of Refuge. These are the principal public charities. We hope soon to be able to add an Asylum for the Blind to the number.

In addition to the above, we have the following Societies for the relief of Foreigners in distress. The German Incorporated Society.—St. Andrew's Society. Hibernia Society. St. George's Society. Welsh Society, and Scot's Thistle Society.

In a late publication we held up a newspaper as a corrector of evil propensities, and evidenced the constant information they contain of the quick detection of crime, as likely to deter the reader. But a paragraph has just met our eye, in which it is stated that an *Editor* has been convicted. It states that Joseph C. Melcher, Editor of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Evening Post has recently been convicted of "stabbing with intent to maim" Captain J. F. Woodside, a respectable citizen of that town, by which assault, besides other injuries, the right hand of Mr. Woodside is said to have been rendered useless for life—and sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary of Ohio. What a disgrace to the corps Editorial! An Editor sawing stone! What punishment however, could be more suitable to some of the so-called fraternity, who grind over into their *laden* columns the product of other men's brains. The transition from grinding to sawing is a very easy one, and the difference of having *one* superintendant, in the shape of a jailor, or five thousand subscribers to serve, is greatly in favor of the "Penitentiary of Ohio." We have been accused of being the death of more than one public writer by laming his hand, and are supposed to have stabbed the vitals of

a monster called the "coal fever;" but a jury of thousands of our fellow citizens have rendered a verdict in our favor; and if they will promise to stick to us through thick and thin, we hope to slay many a giant yet; they are constantly rising up like toad-stools, and shall always receive their due at our hands, however they may wince and threaten to undo us.

"TIME AND SPACE ANNIHILATED."—It was long a joke at Harrisburg, the seat of wisdom of Pennsylvania, that in one of the early reports on the subject of our canals, the writer in enumerating the advantages likely to result, made the sweeping annunciation that "time and space would thereby be annihilated!" A wag put the idea into rhyme somewhat after this fashion—

"Our senators announce with dreadful roar
That time and space shall be no more."

Though *time* seems likely to go on in its usual way, *space* seems to be conquered by the art of man. Railroads and steam have done much, and the winds of heaven, harnessed to our ships, have also done their share of duty. It is now announced as among the wonders of the day, that the packet ship Hibernia arrived at Liverpool on the 18th February, in 17 days; the Caledonia on the 5th March, in 16 days; and the Canada on the 18th March, in 17 days—all from New York.

INDIAN RUBBER.—It has long been conjectured that the time would come when the curious properties of Indian Rubber would be turned to a valuable account. A commencement has been made for practical purposes in the article of boots and shoes, but it seems to have been reserved for a Mr. Richards to learn the time, art, and mystery of working the article. It affords us pleasure to communicate to our readers the annexed paragraph:—

"Capt. George H. Richards, late of Washington, has procured Letters Patent for what appears to be considered by the most competent judges a most valuable Discovery, or, more properly, Discoveries. They consist in the application of the gum called Caoutchouc to an almost infinite variety of purposes and objects; which has hitherto been neglected, but which will now probably enter into almost all Arts and Trades. The value of these improvements seem to be vouched for by testimonials from some of the first scientific and practical men in this country. If only a small proportion of the advantages contemplated by these improvements be realized, or even for the suggestion of them, Mr. Richards will have rendered a valuable service to his country."

The Philadelphia Museum presents of an evening a very animated spectacle, to which we invite the attention of our readers. The great attraction of the place is explained by the following advertisement:—

"LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.—A beautiful model, nearly of the form and appearance of the "Novelty," is now placed upon the railway in the Philadelphia Museum. It will be put in opera-

tion every evening, and will draw a car and passengers with celerity and safety. This model was made by Mr. W. Baldwin, of this city, and is a perfect specimen of highly finished workmanship. It moves with all the comparative power and effect of a large engine, although but a fourth of the size—a circumstance very unusual in models—and realizes, on a small scale, the wonderful results that have excited the attention of the world, in the late performances on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway."

LITERARY NOTICES.

CATECHISM OF HEALTH.—This little work proceeds from the office of the Journal of Health, and contains a large share of the plain sense and good writing which continues to render that publication so popular. The Catechism possesses greater minuteness, and descends more familiarly to the every day concerns of life.—So much so, in fact, that should any objection be taken to the work at all, it must be from the occasional superfluity of some of its details; such, for instance, as washing the face and hands after rising in the morning, with other well understood matters, which cannot possibly be required by any persons into whose hands this work is likely to fall. Such trifling objections are probably not worth referring to, especially as they are amply compensated by the useful and well digested fund of positive information, which is presented to the reader in a manner the most simple and easily understood. Air, exercise, sleep, food, and clothing, are among the subjects treated of, and in such a way as cannot fail to be exceedingly useful, not simply to invalids, but to those who are in the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, HEALTH, and are solicitous about its preservation. In the words of the preface, the Catechism is an attempt to impart in a plain and familiar manner, a knowledge of those means by which the health and vigor of the human constitution is most effectually promoted, and its powers of enjoyment and usefulness prolonged to the latest period. Every family should possess a copy. It may be the means of preventing much unnecessary suffering, and of very materially curtailing the Doctor's bill.

Mr. Grigg has published within the past week a *Sixth* edition of the Dictionary of Select and Popular Quotations, such as are daily in use; taken from the Latin, French, Greek, Spanish and Italian languages: together with a copious collection of Law-maxims and Law-terms; translated into English, with Illustrations historical and idiomatic. In preparing this Sixth edition for the press, care has been taken to give the work a thorough revision, to correct some errors which had before escaped notice, and to insert many additional Quotations, Law-maxims, and Law-terms. In this state it is offered to the public in the stereotype form. It is neatly and substantially bound, and in all other respects is a most desirable volume for readers of all classes.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

THE TOWN TATLER.—NO. 5.

THE STORY OF EMILY.

THE vicissitudes of life are much more numerous, and are much more strikingly exemplified in large cities than in small towns.—People seem to live on for years, and their children after them, flourishing in the same houses and employments, in most of the villages of our country. They risque little or nothing in trade, and if they have but little, that little is enough. In a city like Philadelphia, where the all of thousands is every day put to hazard, we witness much of the ups and downs of life. Extreme cases are numerous, but the one I am about to detail has nothing romantic in it—it is an every day story—perhaps its chief recommendation in my view is, that it fell under my own immediate notice.

Emily B— was the daughter of a neighbor of one of my relatives, and resided with her father in Chester County, in easy circumstances, surrounded by the affection of her acquaintances, and in the enjoyment of those blessed feelings which uniformly accompany innocence and health. Herself and brother were the heirs of the farm, and with their habits of economy they had every thing they desired. Emily's life however, was destined not to run in that even course to which by her birth it seemed entitled. First, her father was removed from her, and then her brother followed. Left alone, she felt all the difficulties with which she was surrounded. In an evil hour (shall I say) she took the advice of her friends, sold her farm, and removed to the house of an aunt in ——— Street, Philadelphia. Here too she might have been happy—happy in her own virtue and the enjoyment of that wealth which she distributed to the needy, whenever satisfied that the object was in distress. But her aunt dying, she was again a lone female—and soon having an offer of marriage, perhaps without proper consideration, she became Mrs. S—. Her husband was of a respectable family, had been unfortunate, and had the character of instability which distinguishes too many of those whose minds have not been disciplined by education. He embarked Emily's little property in a commercial speculation—established a partnership at Port Au Prince, and for a short time shone as a respectable merchant. Emily was now happy—the cares of a mother occupied her thoughts—two daughters engrossed her attention, and her husband and family were her all.

In the spring of 18— Mr. S— learned with surprise and horror that his West India partner had swindled him of everything, and that he was a bankrupt. The intelligence broke upon him most unexpectedly. To Emily it was a severe shock, but she sustained it like a woman, and doubted not that all would yet be well. Her husband concluded to embark, and endeavor to save from the wreck a remnant of his fortune. Emily now felt her situation—she was about to permit her last, her only protector, to leave her—to

go to sea—to visit an unhealthy climate—perhaps *never* to return! To be left at all by her husband and protector was bad enough—to be left in poverty, with the fear that he might perish abroad, was almost more than she could bear. She concealed her feelings however, went into cheap boarding, and awaited her fate calmly, but in dread. Week followed week, yet no intelligence of her husband reached her, when, seated at her needle, with her babes playing round her one calm summer morning, a letter was handed her, bearing marks of having come by “ship.” She broke the seal in haste, and read with trembling anxiety—the contents were as follow:

“PORT AU PRINCE, JUNE 18, 18—.

MADAM—It would be an unmanly feeling on my part, were I to refuse to perform the task imposed on me by your husband, of informing you of his indisposition. It would perhaps be best to say at once that he is *ill*, dangerously so, and in the agony of his feelings, bids me say he must see you before he dies, or should he recover, his business will require his residence here some time. The vessel by which I write this is just hoisting sail. I have arranged for your passage by her return, and have only time to add that all that kindness, and my own medical advice can afford, has been, and will continue to be bestowed on your husband.

I am, Madam,
Your obedient servant,
— — — — —

Here was distress. To describe Emily's feelings would require a pen more deeply versed in the workings of the heart, than I can boast—suffice it say, the feelings of the wife prevailed—and making such hasty preparations for a sea voyage as her time and experience, with limited means, allowed, she embarked with her infants. A sea voyage for the first time is never very agreeable—for a mother with two babes it is always distressing—but devotion gave courage to endure the pangs of sea-sickness, and to comfort and care for the interesting beings under her charge. She arrived at Port Au Prince in time only to solace the last hours of a dying husband, whose agony at the idea of leaving three females unprotected in a foreign land, may be conceived, but may not be described. She was among strangers—unused to acting for herself, but possessing still an energy of character which kept her above despondency. After that funeral at which the bitterest tears were shed, she made the only arrangement in her power, collected all she could of her shattered estate, and returned to Philadelphia, with merely funds sufficient to support her a few weeks.

Emily's situation was now one entitled to the deepest sympathy. She was a widow, a mother, and was poor. But she had a spirit above dependance, and she resolved never to be indebted to another for the good things necessary to support life. Her needle, and a taste for drawing, were now to be turned to account. In a cheap second story of a frame building I found Emily, in tears, employed in painting card-racks and fire-screens. She wiped a tear from her eyes as I entered, and with an effort at cheerfulness spoke of her

situation. She said there was no fear but she should do very well, and declined all offers of assistance. I left her heavy hearted, distrusting her success, and fearing the worst for her. My occupations called me from Philadelphia soon after, and when I returned, all trace of Emily was gone. She had removed her residence, no one could tell me whither.

Time rolled on, and it was only a few months since that I recovered sight of my old friend. Gracious Heavens! how shall I relate my feelings, when I found her a patient of our Alms-house! It would be useless to paint her feelings on seeing me—my business is with her story, and the remainder is precisely as I received it from her own lips.—After I had seen her in her new lodgings, she had struggled to the utmost of her powers—had sewed and painted, toiled early and late, but in vain. The proceeds of her painting were limited and slow. She deposited them for sale in a store in Chesnut Street, but frequently found, after two weeks absence, that no offer had been made for them. Her sewing was more certain of being paid for, but the proceeds were so small as scarcely to purchase bread. Tea, sugar and butter, were luxuries she totally denied herself. Years rolled on in this manner, and by economy and exertion she managed to keep the wolf from the door.

But a sad change came over her prospects. A lingering consumption attacked her youngest daughter. Medicines became necessities, and the nights which should have been devoted to repose, were spent in watching. To be brief, her money gave out—her landlord seized her goods, which did not meet the rent at the sacrifice of a public sale. Emily was now in trouble. But her delicacy and mortification at her bad management, as she called it, prevented her from going for assistance to the few who knew her, and she descended still lower in the scale of poverty. A small room was hired of a poor woman who took in washing, which Emily paid for by ironing.—With scarcely any furniture, and no comforts or even conveniences, she would still have toiled for a livelihood, but how was she to support even herself, without her sick daughter! She now for the first time accepted charity! Emily B——, born amongst plenty, the heiress of a fortune, was a pauper, not by her own act, but by the uncontrollable force of circumstances! But my limits do not permit me to moralize. Her sick daughter died, her eldest married a drunkard, and fell a victim to his brutality. The cup of Emily's sorrow was now full. The force of sorrow could no further go. She was soon attacked with rheumatism, brought on by exposure in washing, and unable to work, she accepted the boon of a shelter under the roof of that receptacle of sorrow—the public Alms-house!

Such is the brief, but true story of an early friend of my own. She is not *old*, but trouble has settled on her brow, and, without hope, she was fast descending to the grave, unpitied, unknown, the victim of circumstances. It may be some satisfaction to my readers to know that I have some prospect of procuring for her a situation in the more comfortable apartments of the Widow's Asylum.

LITERARY.

The Practice of Cookery, by Mrs. Dalgairn, is a book abounding with receipts for dishing up good dinners of all sorts, soups, puddings, ragouts, oyster pies, and that endless list of good things which most housewives would be the better for knowing how to manage. Next to the Five Thousand Receipt Book of M'Kenzie, we should say stood Mrs. Dalgairn. The work, in a neat and cheap form, has just been published by Messrs. Carey & Hart.

The Memoirs of Augustus Hermann Francke is a neat duodecimo volume just issued from the press of the Sunday School Union, and seems well adapted to the class of readers for whom it is intended—the more advanced scholars in our Sabbath Schools. The present volume is a compilation from a more voluminous work published at Halle, in 1817. The benevolent reader will trace with pleasure, in the biography of this estimable man, the effects of untiring assiduity and fervent zeal devoted to the advantage and improvement of his fellow-beings.

BERTHA'S VISIT TO HER UNCLE IN ENGLAND.—Messrs. Carey and Hart have just issued a reprint from the London edition of this pleasing work, beautifully bound in glazed silk. The "Visit" consists of two neat volumes of three hundred pages each. It is the narratives which Bertha writes from England to her mother and sisters in South America, and gives, as may be supposed, a thousand interesting pictures of the multitude of wonders which meet the youthful traveller's eye. The subjects described are in this edition illustrated by appropriate engravings on wood, handsomely executed, and adding much interest to the book. We are told that an immense edition of this work was sold in England. It has been highly commended in the leading English journals, from which we make the following extracts, as indicating the opinions of good judges.

It is with sincere pleasure that we have perused these volumes, which, with all the clearness and accuracy of Mrs. Marcett's justly celebrated conversations, have a familiarity and elementary simplicity about them, that at once qualify them for, we had almost said, the exclusive perusal of more advanced children. No head of a family, we presume, will think of dispensing with this work; at least no one that is anxious to invigorate the minds of his children by communicating to them an early taste for the more valuable and profitable pursuits of the human understanding.—*Monthly Review*.

We have seldom had occasion to notice a work more replete with amusing and diversified information, conveyed in an agreeable style, and adapted to juvenile minds. We are much mistaken if many are not allured to the acquisition of knowledge by a perusal of these volumes. We can recommend the work most earnestly to those who wish to place an interesting book in the hands of youth.—*Asiatic Journal*.

ORIGINAL REPORTS.

THE FEE.—"Where no work is done, no money can be demanded," is a proverb which has stood the test of ages, and though we cannot always adopt it, it is founded in reason. If he who labors ought to be rewarded, it follows, he who neglects ought not. It is a received opinion, that no class of people are better paid for their work than the gentlemen of the faculty and the law. This would partly be true if they could recover their money. Six months credit is a rule of trade, but the rule of law and physic is apt to run six years. It is easy for a man to place a fortune in his books; the difficulty lies in getting it out. I am well acquainted with an attorney, who in the course of twenty years, deposited twenty thousand dollars in his journal, which arose from beggarly contests, not one of which perhaps, will ever be paid. Thus he may literally be said to "starve upon quarrels." How much more would it redound to a man's honor, could it be said he had spent twenty thousand dollars in promoting peace among us. One man of such a character would have saved Sodom.

A Doctor J. R. who assisted others to live, while he could hardly live himself, at last grew weary of the crediting system, and having a note of his own to pay, brought a long string of his debts before an Alderman. Among others, he charged J. Wootton five dollars for medical attendance on his wife. Wootton acknowledged he had been spoken to to attend, but boasted that the wife had been confined before his arrival, consequently the work was done to his hands, and as nothing was done by the doctor, nothing could be required by him.

Alderman.—Whatever a man sells, we have no right to expect him to give; one might beg a draught of ale with a better grace at any house than an ale-house. The gentlemen of the faculty have three things to dispose of, their judgment, their time and their medicines; whenever they part with any of these, they have a right to expect payment. I have sometimes solicited a reduction of their demand, not because I thought it enormous, but out of compassion to the needy, and to their honor, I never solicited in vain; but I generally allow a physician's debt. If there was not, at least, a chance of being paid, the poor might want assistance in the hour of distress—a greater evil than a suit at law. We pay the doctor whether he cures the complaint or confirms it; we pay him for sending us out of the world as well as for bringing us in. As the doctor was employed and actually spent his time when sent for in the service of Wootton, he must be rewarded for his time. Judgment for the plaintiff, five dollars and costs.

WIDOW HEBER.—The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, under date of Feb. 22d writes the Editors, "Your religious friends will be concerned to hear that the new husband (a Sicilian Count) of the widow of the late excellent Bishop Heber, is supposed to have had a wife living at the time of the union with Mrs. H. She has always been blamed for the precipitant and incautious manner in which she pledged herself to this unfortunate connection."

MARRIED,

In Peterborough, Eng. Mr. Robert Warren to Miss Mary Ann Frisby. The marriage of the bridegroom's father to the bride's sister was lately announced. He may now say,
My wife my father's sister is,
My sister is my mother,
My wife my father's daughter is,
My father is my brother.

From the Albion.

TO MY DAUGHTER GENEVIEVE.

BY S. L. FAIRFIELD.

Star of my being's early night!
 Tender but most triumphant flower!
 Frail form of dust and heavenly light!
 Rainbow of storms that round me lower!
 Of tested love the pledge renewed,
 The milder luminary given
 To guide me through earth's solitude,
 To Love's own home of bliss in heaven!
 Heiress of Fate! thy soft blue eye
 Throws o'er the earth its brightness now,
 As sunlight gushes from the sky
 In glory o'er the far hill's brow;
 And light from thine ethereal home
 On every sinless moment lingers,
 As Hope, o'er happier days to come,
 Strikes the heart's harp with viewless fingers.
 For, from the fount of Godhead, thou,
 A ray midst myriads wandering down,
 Still wear'st upon that stainless brow
 The seraph's pure and glorious crown;
 Still—from thy Maker's bosom taken
 To bear thy trial time below,
 Like sunlight flowers, by winds unshaken,
 The dew's of heaven around thee glow.
 Hours o'er thy placid spirit pass
 Like forest streams that glide and sing,
 When through the fresh and fragrant grass
 Breathes the immortal soul of spring;
 And through the realms of thy blest dreams,
 Thy high mysterious thoughts of Time,
 Heaven's watches roam by Eden's streams,
 And hail thee, Love! in hymns sublime.
 But these bright days will vanish, Love!
 And thou wilt learn to weep o'er truth,
 And, with a saddened spirit, prove
 That bliss abides alone with youth.
 Cares may corrode that lovely cheek,
 And tears convulse that gentle heart,
 And agonies, thou dar'st not speak,
 Deepen as childhood's hours depart.
 And thou, fair child! as years descend
 In darkness on thy desert track,
 May'st tread thy path without a friend,
 Gaze on through tears, through shadows back,
 And sigh unheard by all who stood
 Around thee on a happier day,
 And struggle with the torrent flood,
 That swept thy last pale hope away.
 O'er the soft light of that blue eye
 Clouds of wild gloom may quickly gather,
 As, ere the sun-burst of his sky,
 The tempest fell around thy father;
 And, mid the world's blind wealth and pride,
 The chill of crowds, life's restless stir,
 Thou may'st unknown with grief abide,
 Lone as the sea of Anadir.
 Doubts may assail thy soul, and woes
 Gather into a burning chain,
 And round thy darkened spirit close
 Mid loneliness, disease and pain,
 When I no more can watch and guard
 Thy daily steps, thy nightly rest,
 Nor, with the strength of sorrow, ward
 Earth's evil from thy spotless breast.
 Fed by the dust that gave thee breath,
 Wild flowers may bloom above my grave,
 And sigh, in every night-breeze, *Death*,
 When thou shalt shrink for me to save!
 The bosom, from whose fount thy lips
 The nectar drew of bliss below,
 May moulder in the soul's eclipse,
 And leave thee to thy friendless woe.

Ambition's lures—the destinies
 Proud passion shapes and calls them Fate's,
 Far wilder billows than the sea's,
 (Man but for evil power creates)
 May cast between thy gentle love,
 And thy loved brother's high career—
 A barrier like the Mount of Jove—
 The parting of an hemisphere.
 And wiles, and snares, and sorceries,
 Will spread beneath thy feet, and stain
 The spirit with their glittering lies
 Till breath is sighs, and being, pain;
 And thou must feel, and fear, and hide
 The doubts that gloom, the pangs that gnaw,
 And o'er a wreck'd heart wear the pride,
 That casts o'er guilt an angel awe.
 Yet dread not thou, my Genevieve!
 The ills allowed, allotted here—
 Nor waste thy soul in thoughts that grieve—
 The trembling sigh, the burning tear!
 Mind builds its empire on the waste—
 And virtue triumphs in despair—
 The guiltless woe of being past
 Is future glory's deathless hire.
 Beware the soil of thoughts profane,
 The fluent speech of skill'd design,
 Passion that ends in nameless pain,
 And fiction drawn from fashion's mine!
 He, who so wildly shadows out
 The darkest passions of our sin,
 Draws the dark breath he strews about,
 From the deep fount of guilt within.
 THE ANOINTED keep thee, sinless child!
 Be on thy path the PARACLETE!
 Through dreary wold and desert wild
 The giver guide thy little feet!
 Like buds that bloom as blown flowers fall,
 New hopes weave o'er the angel pinions,
 Till thou, with them who loved thee—all—
 Blend round the smile of God in glory's high
 dominions.

Dress.—A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, so there is a constant succession of dress; the fringe succeeds the lace, the stays shorten or extend the waist, the ribband undergoes divers variations, the head-dress receives frequent rises and falls every year; and in short, the whole woman throughout, as curious observers of women have remarked, is changed from top to toe in five years.—*Gay*.

Love me not for comely grace,
 For my pleasing eye or face;
 Not for any outward part,
 No, nor for my constant heart;
 For those may fail or turn to ill,
 And thus we love shall sever:
 Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,
 And love me still,
 Yet know not why
 So hast thou the same reason still,
 To dote upon me ever.

I design to take my religion from the Scriptures; and then whether it suits or suits not any other denomination, I am not much concerned: for I think, at the last day it will not be inquired whether I was of the Church of England or Geneva, but whether I sought and embraced truth in the love of it.—*Locke*.

CLIPPINGS.

American Silk Hats.—Mr Thomas Simms, of New York, has manufactured a White Silk Hat, entirely from silk prepared from the American silk-worm, by Mr. James Bottum, of Lisbon, New London County, Conn.

In the British House of Commons, last month, attempts were made to cough down Mr. Hunt; he merely observed—"If the honorable members be really laboring under the effects of recent colds, I have some lozenges which I can recommend as being very efficacious."

A portion of the citizens of Boston have made a present to Col. R. M. Johnson, of a tea pot, sugar bowl, creamer, and one dozen spoons, we suppose of the best quality, as an evidence of the estimation in which they view his exertions in relation to the Sunday mail question.

Sheet Lead Manufactory.—We are informed that Messrs. Tilton & Parker, of Galena, Illinois, have put their sheet lead manufactory into operation near that place. They are able to roll 5,000 lbs. per day. The lead is delivered from the rollers in sheets of 50 feet long and 3 feet broad, and of any required thickness. There is no doubt that sheet lead will soon supply the place of shingles as a covering for houses.

Europe.—Europe is convulsed from its centre to its circumference. The "war of opinion," predicted by Mr. Canning, is most rapidly approaching. The French Revolution of July has produced the most rapid and wonderful changes upon the public mind of Europe.

The Edinburgh Scotsman says it is a fine trait in the history of the American Government, that it has never shed a drop of human blood, nor banished a single individual, for state crimes.

New York Post Office.—From the 1st of April to the 7th of May, 42,000 ship letters have been received at the Post Office, in that city.

The Editor the Dover (N. H.) Palladium says, the "present month has been unusually leaky." We recommend to him to have it calked and sheathed.

It is said there is not sun enough in N. Brunswick to make good vinegar, and the Legislature has proposed to admit its importation duty free.

The Shawnee Town (Illinois) paper notices the death of a very promising young man, named Wood, occasioned by taking, through mistake, a dose of salt petre instead of salts.

The tolls received upon the Union Canal, since the opening of the navigation (22d March last) amount to \$7,741 50. The amount received during the week ending on the 22d inst. was \$2,745 53.

A hog was slaughtered on the 11th inst. by Mr. Dare of Pottsgrove, Salem county, N. J. which weighed when alive, 1074 pounds, and when dead, 954.

In Holland, at auction, the bids are down, instead of up. The auctioneer sets the price and keeps descending till some one calls out mine.

The Accounting officers of the Treasury have allowed Col. Monroe, the \$30,000 under the law of Congress, passed last session, and the Treasurer of the United States will send him the warrant with the draft, to-day for that amount, payable at the Bank of the U. States, at New York.

James D. Woodside, of Washington city, announces that he has discovered a simple method of ascertaining correctly the square of any given circle.

MARRIAGES.

In Huntingdon, Vt. Mr Leonard Hamblin, aged 23, to Widow Burlingham, aged 40. She is sister to Hamblin's grandfather's wife. By marriage with this widow, this young man has become brother to his grandfather, and uncle to his father and mother.

In Portsmouth, by the Rev. Mr. Ballou, Mr. Thomas Batchelder, to Miss Martha Mutchmore.

'Twas thus that Hymen cracks his jokes;

A hoax, a quiz, a bore!

The bridegroom's still a Batchelder,

The bride is not 'Much more.'

In Matilda, U. C. on the 13th ult. Mr. Israel Satan, cabinet-maker, to Miss Grace Parlor, of Matilda.

Mankind are free, peace shall abound,

Since *Grace* by *Satan* has been found,

And in full proof that peace is meant,

Israel by *Grace* has pitch'd his tent;

No more in deserts wild he'll roam,

He's got a Parlor for his home."

DEATHS.

On the 3d inst. at the residence of his nephew, William Wiggins, No. 232 South Third Street, Mr. Samuel Wiggins, a revolutionary soldier, in the 75th year of his age. He was present at the massacre of Paoli, was a faithful soldier in the time of need, and a worthy citizen in peace.

At Mount Eagle, Fairfax county, Va. on the 16th ult. after a painful illness of two weeks, Bushrod Washington, Esq. in the 47th year of his age.

At Hooksett, N. H. on the 3d ult. Mrs. Sarah Brown, relict of the late Capt. Wm. Brown, aged 57. She was in good health, cheerful, and engaged in the family worship in the evening, with apparent great delight and interest. As she retired to bed, she was seized with a fit of coughing, which caused a rupture of the jugular vein, and she instantly expired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A new Volume of the Ariel being now commenced, the Editor again calls upon his distant subscribers to perform their part of the agreement which subsists between us, by remitting the amount of their subscriptions. A very large sum is now due to us, for which we have labored diligently, expending much and gaining but little. In the present Volume we hope to introduce a variety of elegant embellishments, such as we presume will be very generally admired; but we have carefully refrained from pledging ourselves to it. If our patrons fulfill their part, we assure them there shall be no lack of liberality with us. Many subscribers residing at Post Offices where there is no Agent, have never been asked to pay, except in the columns of the Ariel; as we are unwilling to tax them with unnecessary postage. They are therefore imperatively called on to pay up: our Agents too, are earnestly desired to sustain us in these proposed additions, by remitting the sums respectively due from their subscribers.

R. F. C. of New London, enquires if his remittance has been received. He has neglected to mention what county and state he resides in, and we are therefore unable to answer him until furnished with these particulars.

I. W. B. of St. Inigoes, Md. is received in full for Vol. 5.

A. W. M'C. of Chillicothe, is indebted only for Vol. 5.

The remittance from R. P. of Orland, Me. is received, and the desired alteration made.

Our friend at Athens has been imposed upon in the Indian anecdote he has sent us. We remember it as long ago as ten or a dozen years—it then ran thus—"I am God Almighty's Indian; who's Indian are you?"

We shall be glad to receive a specimen of the talents of "M. of Niagara County." Drawings and sketches of interesting scenery are always welcome.

Is the paper of W. T. Junr. original?

The reply of O. N. to "A Woman," is under consideration.

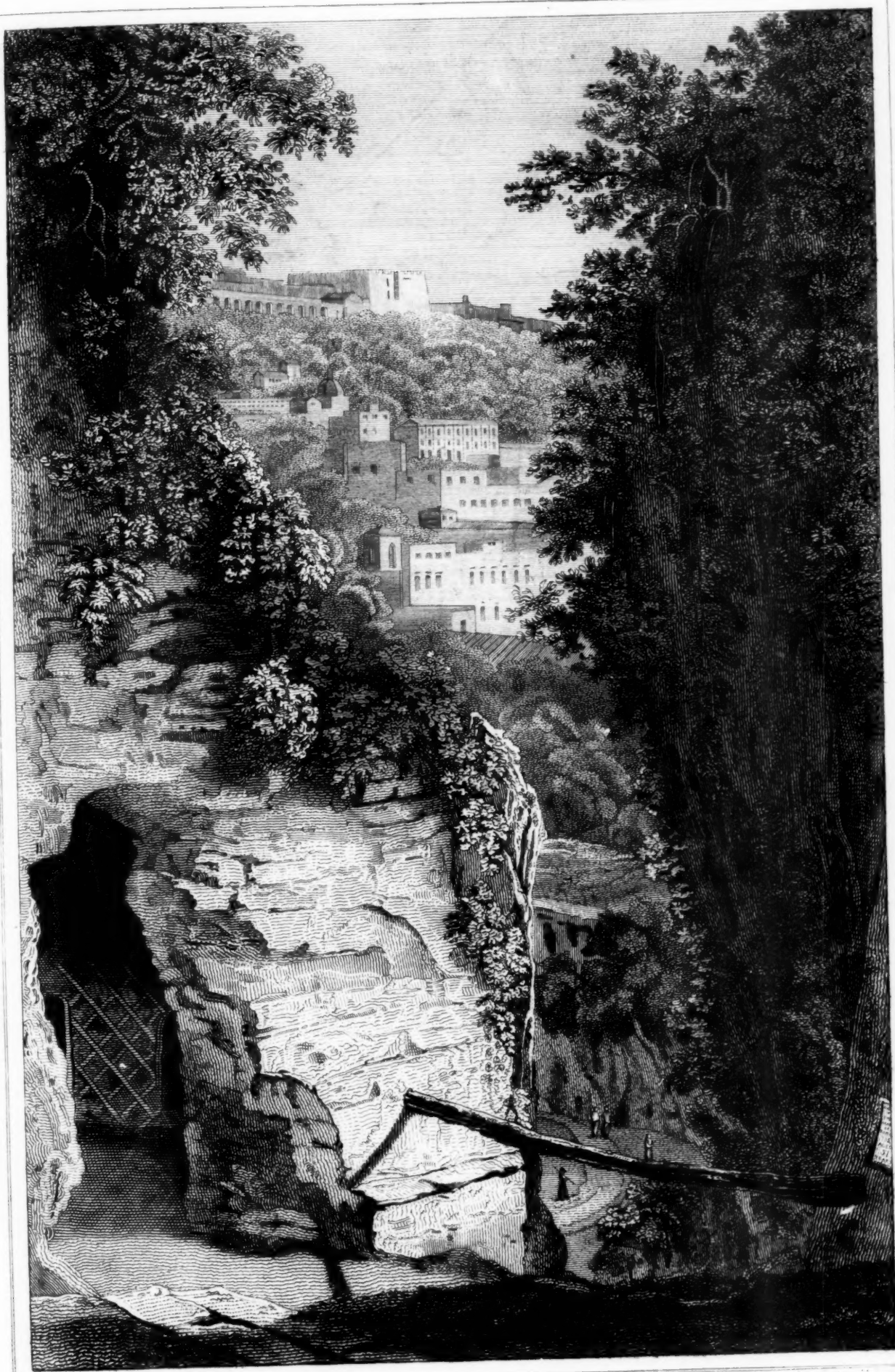
T. S. A. T. writes well, but can he not choose a less worn out subject?

Arabella's harp must be tuned.

J. S. of Pittsburg, is received, and contents noted.

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